

The Evening World.

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HOW DOES A MAN RETRENCH?

"SERVICES to the people must take precedence over costly Court Houses and Civic Centres." In professing this belief Borough President Marks arouses the ire of the Mayor and the President of the Board of Aldermen, who accuse him of "grand stand play."

We take it the Borough President had in mind some of the municipal activities upon which city officials are so cheerfully ready to save—immigrant night schools, vacation schools, public baths, Fourth of July celebrations, open-air music in the parks, for example—all benefits which mean much to thousands who need them most.

As against these "grand stand" favors is urged a Court House project upon the probable cost of which city finance experts are unable to agree within six or eight millions. The Comptroller himself has put the ultimate total as high as \$30,000,000.

A Court House and Civic Centre are greatly to be desired. But when a city is hard up, why should its reasoning in certain directions be different from that of any well balanced man? Suppose the father of a family has to curtail. Does he begin by cutting down his children's schooling and taking away their amusements, all the while planning an elaborate new wing for his mansion?

We fail to see wherein, in the present admitted state of the city's finances, sober, second thought on the cost of a new Court House is anything but fair and just to the millions of people, part of whose happiness and well being is involved.

It is becoming a habit to reply to this nation without answering.

THE PRINCELY HUERTA.

RESIDENTS of Forest Hills, Queens, find neighbor Victoriano Huerta, it is said, too liberal with tips. By overpaying tradespeople, so the complaint goes, he spoils them and makes it hard for the average citizen to get fair service for regular prices. Six dollars to a barber for a shave and a haircut may be princely, but it gives the town the shivers.

Here is retribution of a sort. For years natives of foreign parts have shaken their heads at the rich American traveller who showers gold on cab drivers and hotel servants, buys without asking the price and generally excites the cupidity of every one with whom he deals. Americans have had too few chances to see how it feels to have visitors demoralize home markets by reckless spending.

In Europe the shopkeeper is commonly a loyal fellow who gets all the American will give but does not overcharge his own countrymen. We wonder if it works out that way on Long Island.

Yale by five lengths. Unlike last year's victory, this one could be plainly discerned with the naked eye.

WILL EDUCATION DO IT?

RED LINES and gory footprints painted on the pavement catch the downward gaze of the pedestrian at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. When he lifts his eyes he beholds a banner which adjures him to

Cross the Street at Regular Crossings—Not in the Middle of the Block.

It seems ridiculous that New Yorkers should need this kind of education. But the fact remains that they do. It was The Evening World that first pointed to the dangerous and growing habit of darting across crowded streets at all points and angles.

The city authorities and the Safety First Society apparently believe that if they show the pedestrian where to put his feet he will put them there. That is not the nature of the local habitant as heretofore observed. Very few people in this section have ever been saved from the consequences of their own careless acts until such acts were forbidden.

Cornell University says the seventeen-year locusts are coming this season. And they were here only four years ago! How time flies!

The Department of Public Charities is nearly \$200,000 in the hole. Well, as Bacon tells us: "In charity there is no excess."

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

THE editor of the paper sends us the following piece written by some smart Alcock:

Mr. Editor: The man who wrote that thing about Maurice Wertheim and his thirty-four black bass in your Saturday's paper evidently never was a boy with bare feet and bare legs and who cut a sapling to fashion his hook and line. If Cos Cobbers don't know any more about the relationship between small frogs and black bass than this writer manifests they had better send a committee of two or three down here to visit the United Anglers' League meeting and learn something. That's the biggest joke I ever heard of—frogs sitting in the boat and croaking (singing, he calls it) and the bass jumping in and doing likewise—croaking, y'-know. Did you ever hear the best of that? A MERRY KUSS.

We would like to know what going barefooted has to do with the habits of frogs, anyway. We didn't say we knew how the frogs caught the bass, having only a theory to go by. Privately we think the author of the above sacred doesn't know how to spell American by the way he messes up his orthography. There used to be an American Club here, down on Commodore Benedict's point, which William M. Tweed ran, and where he caught all kinds of fishes, including seven years in the penitentiary.

The roses are all in bloom along the right of way of what was formerly Mr. Melien's railroad but is now Mr. Elliott's. Mr. Melien planted the roses for the commuters to look at and for the stockholders to say how expensive and why did he do it, forgetting that this is the only sweet-smelling thing Mr. Melien did for them. Besides, instead of remarking that their money had gone where the woodbine twined, as Jim Fisk said on a similar occasion, they can say it went where the ramblers roam!

The best wild strawberry crop in years is being gathered by those who have the patience to pick the sweet little things. A wild strawberry is about the nicest bit of flavor there is when got together in sufficient quantities with sugar and cream, while a wild strawberry shortcake is better than any high-priced Delmonico delicacy that ever was invented. It is hard on the back and knees to seek them in the green fields, so few of our citizens indulge, it being easier to buy big sour things of the peddlers.

Irrving Bachelor, our best-selling author, has rented his mansion on Greenwich Cove to some one else and hired another place at Ridgefield, higher up in Connecticut. One of the peculiarities of authors which we never could understand is that after working a long time to get what they want they don't seem to want it, but prefer something else. Lincoln Steffens does the same.

Men Who Fail

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By J. H. Cassel



"I never had any luck!"

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I AM not angry!" began Mrs. Jarr. And when a woman says she isn't angry you may know she is.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Jarr. "I haven't been out so very long, and this is the first time in weeks I have been out, or that I have stayed a little late."

"That's just it!" said Mrs. Jarr with a sob. "I thought, I really thought, you had reformed. I thought you were getting more sense as you grew older!"

"Ah, come, now," said Mr. Jarr. "pleasantly, 'if I never do anything worse than stop at Gus's place on the corner and play pinocle from 9 till 11 you need never worry. If it's a sin to play an innocent game of pinocle or to bowl a few hours with your friends, where will the devil find room enough to stow away the—"

"I have stood this thing for the last time," said Mrs. Jarr. "If you are more fond of the saloon than you are of your home, go live in a saloon and I'll take the children and support them."

"Don't be foolish!" said Mr. Jarr. "How could you support them?"

"I could—I could—well, I don't care what I could do," cried Mrs. Jarr. "but I could get a position in a store. Women are not dependent on men as they used to be. In fact, I was talking with a woman (and a very fine and cultivated woman she was, too, who clerks in a candy store), and she told me that she had to leave her husband because he drank and didn't support her."

"Oh, don't be cross!" said Mr. Jarr. "Be sensible!"

"You be sensible, yourself!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "And show you are sensible by acting sensible. Oh, I could get along! And besides, the black dress and white apron that saleslady wore in the candy store were very becoming to her. And even if it didn't pay so much, I could bring the children home candy every night to our little room, and if it was fixed up with chintz curtains it would look very pretty."

"The candy?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, the humble room where I would take the children to, for I wouldn't go home. It would please my mother too much."

"You'd break up our happy home for a job in a candy store you haven't obtained as yet?" asked Mr. Jarr, smiling to himself.

"Well, I could be a nurse," said Mrs. Jarr. "That pays better. Nurses get at least \$25 a week and they always look so neat and comforting in their neat uniforms. That white

and blue stripe uniform dress the nurses wear at some hospitals is very fetching and the caps make them look real pretty."

Here Mrs. Jarr took her handkerchief and fixed it on her hair as if it were a nurse's cap and looked at herself in the mirror. The picture was a pleasing one. She smiled at her reflection and said: "Yes, that's what I'm going to do if you do not behave better; I'll be a nurse."

"I'm just in time, then," said Mr. Jarr. "I've got a terrible headache."

"Wait till I get you one of those headache wafers," said Mrs. Jarr, going to the bureau. "Or will you try my menthol? Was Mr. Rangle there to-night? Mrs. Rangle makes such a fuss if he's out and, really, the man is not a bad sort."

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The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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"DID you attend Mr. Bryan's resurrection meeting at Madison Square Garden?" asked the head polisher.

"I didn't go," replied the laundry man. "It was no place for me. I'm an American."

"On previous occasions, though, I have attended meetings in Madison Square Garden at which Mr. Bryan was the star attraction. He used to call New York the 'enemy's country' in those days, but he never overlooked a chance to come down here and ask the enemy for votes."

"I recall every Madison Square Garden mass-meeting Mr. Bryan ever addressed. The biggest, I think, was that which greeted him on his first visit to New York, as a Presidential

candidate in 1896. The crowd in and around Madison Square and Madison Square Garden that night was much larger than that which assembled last Thursday night. That 1896 crowd gave Mr. Bryan one of the most cordial receptions of his career. It looked as though New York City was for Bryan by acclamation, but election day brought out that the sentiment was all the other way."

"When Mr. Bryan used to come down here into the enemy's country looking for enemy votes he devoted considerable of his time in each of his talks to taking a fall out of the press of our fair city. He said on those occasions that the press of New York was against him. And he was pretty close to right, for I don't believe more than one paper of any prominence in this city supported Mr. Bryan in any one campaign."

"So Mr. Bryan was running true to form when he told his audience Thursday night that the New York press is against him. He said he never knew the New York press to take the side of the American people. And this is perhaps an honest assertion on his part, because he thinks he is the American people."

"But Mr. Bryan forgot to tell his Madison Square Garden audience that the entire press of the United States, printed in the English language, is right in line with the New York press concerning Mr. Bryan and his desertion of the President. If we accept Mr. Bryan's declaration that the New York press is against the American people then the whole press of the United States is against the American people and the only press taking the side of the American people is the German press."

He Should Worry!

"WONDER how Henry Siegel is getting along in jail?" said the head polisher.

"Well," said the laundry man, "he's eating regularly, and that's more than can be said of some of those who deposited money in his bank. And just to show that he hates himself Mr. Siegel announced the other day that nobody knows the department store business better than he does."

"It's a mighty good thing for the creditors of the solvent department stores of New York that the manager of those stores know less about their business than Henry Siegel. It is lucky for the community that they haven't the business genius which enabled Henry Siegel to blow up, owing \$14,000,000 to store creditors and \$2,500,000 to depositors in his private bank."

Veterans All.

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that many more married than single men are enlisting in the British army."

"War," said the laundry man, "may often seem a pastime to a married man."

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What Every Woman Thinks By Helen Rowland

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AS TO MAN'S BEAUTIFUL OPTIMISM.

"THERE is nothing in this world so perfect, so unquenchable, so wonderful," sighed the Widow anxiously, "as man's beautiful optimism!"

"What have I done now?" grumbled the Bachelor. "That sounds well—but, when you begin by flattering us wholesale, I always know that you are going to finish by demolishing us retail. I'm only twenty minutes late," he added lamely, flinging down his hat and gloves and passing his handkerchief nervously over his brow.

"Only twenty minutes," agreed the Widow with a smile of icy resignation. "But the others have GONE without us."

"We can take a taxi and follow!" began the Bachelor hopefully.

"Of course!" rejoined the Widow dramatically. "We can work miracles! We can FLY there! That is one of the things man is always so optimistic about—his ability to annihilate space and get ANYWHERE on earth in ten minutes' time. His ideas concerning 'time' are as vague and visionary as a new born babe's. He always 'knows' that there will be a taxi right out in front waiting for him. He always 'knows' that he will just catch a subway express 'knows' that there will be a breakdown or a tie-up on the way. And he always, ALWAYS dawdles until the last minute and then rages at heaven, and the taxi drivers, and the street cars, and the whole traffic system—and saunters in, twenty minutes late."

The Incurable Disease of Hope.

"KNEW it was coming!" groaned the Bachelor. "I'll never do it again!"

"Not until to-morrow evening," sighed the Widow. "That's the trouble with your optimism; it is utterly incurable. Experience never teaches you anything—never proves to you that you are wrong, but merely that you are unwise. Next time it will be all right. Lobster may disagree with you fifty-six times, but you will still hopefully eat it the fifty-seventh. You may be late to the office six mornings in the week, but you will cheerfully sit down on the seventh and 'prove' your theory that it only takes ten minutes to 'make it.' Nothing on earth that a man wants to do is impossible. Nothing on earth that he thinks 'ought' to be easier to do. Nothing on earth that he desires is unattainable! That is the beautiful masculine optimism!"

"Well," broke in the Bachelor desperately, "that's better than the eternal feminine pessimism! A woman always rushes to the other extreme. You have only to suggest doing anything, and she is off laying obstacles in your path, and discovering a thousand reasons why it CAN'T be done. She is the champion cold-water thrower of the world!"

"She merely stops to consider the pros and cons," began the Widow defensively, "and to measure the possibilities rationally. She doesn't try to deceive anybody—least of all, herself. But a man is always deceiving himself—most of all, when he fancies that he is deceiving a woman. That is another of his optimistic little fallacies. She can catch him in fifty-six varieties of fibs and he will still confidently believe that he can make her swallow the fifty-seventh. She can offer him affidavits in black and white to prove that she knows he is lying, and he will still hope that, if he goes right on lying, he will have her convinced, bluffed, blindfolded. He will break faith with her a hundred times and still fondly fancy that she has implicit confidence in him."

"And she WILL have—if she loves him!" protested the Bachelor boldly.

The Golden Reward of Lying.

"AND she ALWAYS loves him!" groaned the Widow. "That is the ultimate achievement of his beautiful optimism—his unquenchable faith that no woman on whom he has set his heart could possibly fail to respond. Even when a girl TELLS him that she doesn't love him, he merely cherishes the secret belief that she is only 'trying to lead him on' or to hide her secret passion for him. Even when she marries 'the other fellow' he simply concludes that she did it out of spite or in a moment of wounded pride or wild desire, or reckless folly. And, once he has WON her love, he goes right on in the steadfast confidence that nothing on earth he may do, from robbing a bank to growing a beard or eating an onion, will ever shatter it. His own love may wander or cool, but the love of a woman—never!"

"Sh!" cried the Bachelor, his face lighting up with sudden hope. "Listen! I hear their horn—and their voices! They're coming back for us. I KNEW they would!"

"Yes," laughed the Widow. "I knew they would, too."

"You see," said the Bachelor, with virtuous dignity. "Optimism pays after all. It PAYS to have faith in your fellowman."

"In your fellowwoman, you mean," corrected the Widow. "I TOLD them to come back for us, Mr. Weatherly! Why shouldn't a man be optimistic?" she added with a sigh, "when there is always some woman around to do his worrying for him?"

Jungle Tales for Children.

ONE afternoon Mister Elephant was sitting under a tree, wondering what to do, when he spied something right under his trunk.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Elephant in great surprise.

"I am a Little Acorn," said the voice. "If you let me alone I will some day be a great oak tree."

Mister Elephant put the Little Acorn down and got up. He walked over to where the oak tree was and said, "Where did you come from, Mister Acorn?"

"I came from an acorn," said the voice.

"I guess that was the Voice of Nature talking and it must have said, 'Let me alone!'"

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LX.
NCE, after some reference to Miss Reese, Jane said to me:

"I think you are making a mistake, George, in being so much with Miss Reese. John is getting to be a big boy and will soon notice your devotion."

"Boosh!" I returned. "Miss Reese is my office nurse. She is with me in a professional capacity. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill. I don't care what you think. I do. You spend a great deal of time with Miss Reese."

"What about yourself?" I exploded, angered at her manner. "What will John say when he knows that Lucius Hemming spends most of his time with you—his spare time?"

"I amended, knowing that Hemming was a busy man."

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